

Title: A soul of snow

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Never again has a mind
like that of de'Lenfent's
travelled this ground
we thread on. Never again
on a shoulder has flown
a crown of snow like
that of de'Lenfent's. So
confident, so strong.

The legacy he left for
us, that would come in
the later times, is
largely questionable. Ever
so jealously guarding his
tomes and writings, little
of his achievements ever
came to the knowledge of
those who lived during his
time. None could copy his
undoubtedly insane
manuscripts and pass
them on, much to the
grief of the later
generations.

Although a man of
many words, he spoke
little. Threats, jabs of
a sword and spiderwebs,
all these were the
essence of his speech.
Never again has a
treacherous tongue like
that of de'Lenfent's
spilled lies.

In the softest of silks,
in the sturdiest of boots,
he did walk among the
worthless, like a god. And
there was none that
dared defy his rule. A
mighty day that was,
when there was no sun
to be seen from the
boiling mass of clouds,
when the flakes of snow
floated down in millions,
like the countless lost
souls that swarmed about
the Well. Capricious he

was, and fickle. With the roll of years, the wisdom in his eyes was replaced by the chaos of insanity.

Little is known how or why he did fall into the trap of the mind. His was not such great sorcerous power that could have done so. His were not the powerful enemies, capable of dimming the snow-bright consciousness. Undoubtedly he had struck a bargain with something from beyond the Shroud. On the verge of transcending from his form to something more glorious, he did crumble and there was madness. The snow did turn black.

He did cast away the blood of ancient Stygia, dread Stygia, and disappeared from the Tower of Enoch never to be seen again. So the shadows of de'Lenfent did abandon Enoch and there was chaos. The people of the Hand were in turmoil, and the shadowy library of the Hand was lost and forgotten.

And with his departure, there was nothing left. the great prophecy of Zemyaza never came to be, for there were none worthy of the Dark Father.

Blood now flows not to the chalice and the chants remain uncharted, and de'Lenfent is forgotten. Never again has there been a lost soul like that of de'Lenfent's.

To where his spirit was cast, none can say. It is certain that he cannot enter the blissful Beyond and sleep, for that was the price he paid for being who he

was - a god among us.

Pristine de'Lenfent
might never find his way
to Beyond, or back here,
to this world. Cursed be
the day he should appear,
and cursed be the world,
for once again there
would be chaos.